



Her.



42 22 23

Chapter 1 by Kyle Thomas

I lay on the greenest grass I'd ever seen with her lay down next to me, our hands laced together and only the sound of nature filling our ears. I sat up half way and leaned on my elbows and took a quick glance at her, luckily she didn't notice. Her eye's slowly closed and I watched her as she did so. I smiled and kisses her cheek and she smiled and I lay back down. She quickly sat on top of me and I didn't know how to react. She leaned down and kissed me softly but passionately. I wrapped my arms around her and her kiss became a bit harder. My face was becoming redder and hotter by the second and I couldn't help but giggle. She pulled back and smiled. That moment, staring at her, the view of nature and the sky behind her was beautiful and I wish I could capture it.

Chapter 2 by nikOo



And yet I knew it had to end. We had been playing a dangerous game for way too long now. I remembered that pearl jam song and subconsciously hummed the melody as the lyrics struck me like lighting. "Yes I understand that every life must end".
"What's wrong", she suddenly asked and pulled me back into reality. I did not know what to reply...

Chapter 3 by Ragnhild



And I knew that if I saw her eyes I wouldn't be able to lie so I quickly moved my head to the side. She sighed, the weight on my torso shifted and seconds later she was laying besides me again as if noting had happened. I made the mistake of looking at her and once again I was mesmerized

by her beauty. Why do we have to be so hard, why can't we just be simple, why can't we just be

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 4 by VoxxyBtZ

I know how ridiculous it is
shadowed with unease?"

Login

or

Create new account

let moment abruptly feel

This moment that sparkled like thousands of perfectly cut precious stones, their glittering reflections defining how unwavering the liquid toffee colored sun is as it puddles around the earth upon which we lay, now being saturated with an unexplicable and illdefined shadows consuming the edges of our focused attention. Fingers entwined with more desperation than the minutes before, I urgently try to dispel any lingering discomfort and roll onto my side so that the length of my body, and the heat which radiates between us, is impossible to ignore. I catch him looking when he thinks I am unaware but the waves of emotion and the intensity of some unknown promise never vocalized but unfaltering in it's meaning. If love and lust were so simple, so common and so easy to comprehend then would this moment really be as unbelievable and spectacular as any poem written years ago, once promised?

Chapter 5 by intellikat



Should it be "Her" or "She"?

Chapter 6 by intellikat



I suddenly realised how many thoughts had been racing through my mind for the entire episode... these past ten or fifteen minutes alone with her. All the time, instead of acting on my desires and taking hold of all this beautiful youth and life around me, I was squandering my passion through rumination and poetics. I was defiling the desires of anyone who might be witnessing this drama being played out. I was all talk... or thought. And no action. She had quite truly mounted me for the moment and what had I done? I had tried to hold on to the moment through thought and memory. I had let the moment slip by not taking hold of it. Even now, I was here judging my own past actions. Thinking, thinking, thinking.

I rolled over once again, and took a deep breath.

Our eyes dipped to meet one another, and my fingers began to trace an insistent line up her wrist to the vein at the base of her arm.

See more of Story Wars

And from there, there were none.

Chapter 7 by The Divine Poet

Login

or

Create new account



It was hardly romantic about the way the weeping willows behind the slopes brushed their loosened limbs together, and how a few lost crows settled themselves around its circumference. Their ash coats illuminated a light so phantom-like under the pale sky that I could not but suspect this was a figure of a bad omen. As she recognized the angled look I wore when I am overcome with agitation, she brought her palm unto mine and the coolness soothed the weighty turmoil in my breast.

I had always wondered what she hid in her eyes; and looking into them now, the light specks dotting the rims of the membrane and folding itself deeper and deeper into the centre held more than my hazy reflection. Her demeanor was the same; the smooth forehead, the pointed lashes that arched into a luscious bridge when she smiled, and the delicate organ which she curls into an expression of joy whenever she is justified in one of her little tantrums .

She was too darling, too thin for anything of this world, I'd think; and every time I see the lips curl into a momentary pout do I know that I would not let any emotion of grief, sadness, or worry touch her. The very essence of her soul would be my duty to protect, and I while I live, and while this passion hurries on in a storm, not any should change.

END

Chapter 8 by intellikat



EPILOGUE

If you enjoyed this selection from THE MOST GLORIOUS LOVE STORIES OF PERFECTION AND BLISS series, please drop us an email and we will write you another GLORIOUS LOVE STORY FULL OF PERFECTION AND BLISS. Operator are standing by. Don't wet your pants. Act now!

the end

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

[Home](#) [About](#) [Rooms](#) [Feedback](#)



